

Small Worries.

A Christian world has long been guessing what Paul's thorn in the flesh was. Many of the theological doctors have felt Paul's pulse to see what was the matter with him. We suppose the reason he did not tell us what it was, may have been, because he did not want us to know. He knew that if he stated what it was, there would have been a great many people from Corinth bothering him with prescriptions as to how he might cure it.

Some say it was diseased eyes: some that it was humped back. It may have been neuralgia. Perhaps it was gout, although his active habits and sparse diet throw doubt upon the supposition. Suffice it to say, it was a thorn—that is, it stuck him. It was sharp.

It was probably of not much account to the eyes of the world. It was not a trouble that could be compared to a lion, or a boisterous sea. It was like a thorn you have had in your hand or foot, and no one knew it. Thus we see that it becomes a type of these little nettlesome worries of life that exasperate the spirit.

Every one has a thorn sticking him. The housekeeper finds it in unfaithful domestics; or an inmate who keeps things disordered; or a house too small for convenience; or too large to be kept cleanly.

The professional man finds it in perpetual interruptions, or call for "more copy." The Sabbath-school teacher finds it in inattentive scholars, or neighboring teachers that talk loudly and make a great noise in giving a little instruction. One man has a rheumatic joint which, when the wind is north-east, lifts the storm signal. Another, a business partner who takes full half the profits but does not help earn them. These trials are the more nettlesome because, like Paul's thorn, they are not to be mentioned. Men get sympathy for broken bones and smashed feet, but none for the end of sharp thorns that have been broken off in the fingers.

Let us start out with the idea that we must have annoyances. It seems to take a certain number of them to keep us humble, wakeful and prayerful. To Paul, the thorn was as disciplinary as the shipwreck. If it is not one thing it is another. If the stove does not smoke, the boiler must leak. If the pen is good, the ink must be poor. If the thorn does not pierce the knee, it must stick you in the back. Life must have sharp things in it. We can not make up our robes of christian character without pins and needles.

We want what Paul got—grace to bear these things. Without it we become cross, censorious and irascible. We get into the habit of sticking our thorns into other people's fingers. But, God helping us, we place these annoyances in the category of the "all things which work together for good." We see how much shorter thorns are than the spikes that stick through the palms of Christ's hands; and, remembering that He had on His head a whole crown of thorns, we take to ourselves the consolation that if we suffer with Him on earth, we shall be glorified with Him in heaven. But how could Paul positively rejoice in these infirmities? The school of Christ has three classes of scholars; in the first class we learn how to be stuck with thorns without losing our patience; in the second class we learn how to make the sting positively advantageous; in the third class of this school we learn how, even to rejoice in being pierced and wounded; but that is the senior class, and when we get to that, we are near graduating into glory.

The Value of a Newspaper.

A mechanic tells an interesting story of how he was induced to take a newspaper, and what came of it, as follows:

Ten years ago I lived in a town in Indiana. On returning home one night—for I am a carpenter by trade—I saw a little girl leave my door, and I asked my wife who she was. She said Mrs. Harris had sent after their newspaper which my wife had borrowed. As we sat down to tea my wife said to me:

"I wish you would subscribe for the newspaper; it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."

"I would like to do so," said I, "but you know I owe a payment on the house and lot. It will be all I can do to meet it."

She replied: "If you will take this paper I will see for the tailor to pay for it."

I subscribed for the paper; it came in due time to the shop. While reading one noon and looking over I saw an advertisement of the county commissioners to let a bridge that was to be built. I put in a bid for the bridge, and the job was awarded to me, on which I cleared \$3,000, which enabled me to pay for my house and lot easily and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper I should not have known anything about the contract, and could not have met my payment on the house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a newspaper.

When did Moses sleep five in a bed? When he slept with four pay-certificates in his pocket.

Busting Music.

Our neighbor Chubb has not much of an ear for music, but he has spent a considerable sum in having his daughter taught how to hammer a piano, and he is proud of her accomplishments. He was talking with us over the fence the other day when a series of dreadful sounds came from his piano, through the open parlor window. Presently Chubb remarked:

"Do you hear that Adeler? Just listen to that, will you? That's what I call music."

Then there was a few additional bangs on the instrument, a flourish or two, and then more cordant thumping.

"Splendid isn't it?" said Chubb. Mary Jane bustin' the music out of that machine you observe—Them's the Strauss waltzes, I believe she is rarin' with now. Just listen."

We remarked that, from the energy displayed, Mary Jane at least seemed to be really in earnest. But whether she was doing Mr. Strauss exactly right is an open question.

"I don't know nothing about music, Adeler," observed Chubb, "but I kin tell the real thing when I hear it, and I kin sit and hear Mary Jane play them waltzes and the Maiden's Prayer until it makes me cry like a child."

We asserted that if she played those compositions as she was doing now, it would make anybody cry. A deaf mute shed tears.

"Listen to that now, will you?" exclaimed Chubb, as a wild tumult of sound came from the parlor. "Isn't that splendid? If you didn't know it was Mary Jane a-tearin around among them waltzes, I'd think it was one of them fellows who play at the concerts. Let's go over and see her."

We entered the house and sought the parlor. Mary Jane was nowhere to be seen, but to the infinite disgust of Chubb there was a red-haired man, with a list as big as a loaf of bread, tuning the piano. Chubb asked us not to tell anybody, and we won't. It is related here in confidence, and it must go no further.—*Max Adeler.*

THE PATENT COMBINATION LOCK.—Mr. Rafferty, of Darby, has less faith in the "Patent Combination Lock" than he formerly had. He bought one a few weeks ago, and placed it upon the front door of his store. He chuckled as he went to bed that night to think how he checked the fraternity of burglars. But in the morning he forgot the combination by which the key was to be fixed, and when he tried to open the lock he couldn't. He worked at it all that day, and during the entire week he had the locksmith down from the city endeavoring to pick the lock, and meanwhile his business was entirely suspended, and his customers all went to the rival store over the way. Finally he got a fence rail, and leveling it like a battering ram, he broke the door to splinters. When he got in he found that burglars had had one of the back windows open for four nights, and had nearly cleaned their place out while he was agonizing over that lock. There have been madder men in Darby than Rafferty, but very few who have felt so mad all over, from toe-nails to hair, as Rafferty does now.—*Max Adeler.*

SPOILED BACON.—A colored man from the country happened into Vicksburg, and was looking round to buy some bacon. He at last purchased some of a rascally dealer at a very low figure, but soon discovered that it was spoiled. The dealer refused to take it back, and the colored man brought the offender before a Trial Justice. The meat was produced and shown to be bad, and the Justice proceeded to pronounce judgment, which he did in the following words: "You are guilty of offering spoiled meat, and the evidence shows that you have actually sold some of the meat to the plaintiff here. Now, in doing this you have violated the law. You have been guilty of a crime which endangers the lives of your fellow-beings. That meat, sir, you know would kill any man, and I know it, and the plaintiff knows it. Now, sir, it is ordered by the court that all this meat before us, and similar meat in your possession, be forfeited by you, and that it be sent to the county poor house."

William M. Everts tells this good story: A few summers since, at the urgent request of one of his younger daughters, he sent up to his country place in Vermont a donkey for her use. She had read about donkeys, but was not familiar with their peculiar vocalism. The animal's strange noises inspired her with the profoundest pity for his evident distress. So she wrote to her father: "Dear papa: I do wish you would come up here soon my donkey is so lonesome."

Young ladies are never behind the fashions now-a-days, but the fashions are now very much behind the young ladies.

Some malicious person says that cotton sheets and newspaper sheets are alike in one respect—a great many people lie in them.

An editor who speaks with the air of a man, who has discovered a new fact by experience, says that a sure way to prevent bleeding at the nose, is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

A WORD TO HUSBANDS.—It is not sufficient to give your wife money enough, to furnish her house luxuriously, and all that sort of thing. That is only being a good provider not entirely a good husband. What a wife needs more than this is love, and that, or rather the demonstration of its existence, is what she oftenest misses. Weary is her woman's heart many a time, and often, when you know not of it, weary unto death. Yet she could give no reason for it that you could understand.

Life's possibilities weigh always on a woman's soul. What may be is an awful anguish to her; what is almost impossible, may be to her an everlasting dream. Her whole being is rather ideal than real, and just as children see more in their toys than we can, so she sees more in what you deem life's playthings than you could imagine.

The forgotten kiss, the neglected birthday, the careless look, the touch unanswered by any responsive touch—to the wife whom you once courted so anxiously, these are agonies intolerable. It is not enough that you love her; she can never take this for granted; let her see it, and let other women see it, and so you will bind her heart to yours as you could not by the gift of all the diamonds in Golconda. A word of praise and appreciation is easy to give, and you don't know how it will help her.

"Pay As You Go."—The farmer cannot succeed until he learns to live on what he makes after it is made, and not on what he expects to make before it is made. Many years ago, an economical, thrifty farmer, was asked by a large cotton planter, why it was that, though he was called a poor farmer and made much less to the land than many of his neighbors, he was prospering, while they, with all their broad acres and heavy crops, were constantly falling into debt and becoming embarrassed. He replied: "You begin at the wrong end, you buy your supplies at the beginning of the year on credit; I buy mine at the end for cash." This was the true secret of the difference. Mr. McDuffie, in an agricultural address, delivered thirty years ago, in the hall of the General Assembly at Columbia, introduced, in connection with this subject, the language of that remarkable statesman, John Randolph, who in the midst of one of his brilliant rhapsodies in the United States Senate suddenly paused and exclaimed with the utmost tension of his speaking voice, Mr. President! I have discovered the philosopher's stone! It consists in these four plain english monosyllables: "Pay as you go!"—*Rural Carolinian.*

COTTON SEED AND COTTON PLANTING.—In cotton culture it is the worst of bad management to plant inferior seed, because it would cost something to buy the best; but, as we have repeatedly urged every planter should, by continued selection and high cultivation, make his own seed, and take pride in having the best. Begin with the Dickson seed, or any better sort, if there be any better; and improve upon that till you have something as much better than the Dickson as the Dickson is better than the common. We are accustomed to boast of the perfection to which cotton culture has been brought in this country, and with some reason, but there is still room for improvement—something to learn by those not too wise in their own conceit to accept new truths. Only general rules for the culture of any crop can be given, when they are to be applied to various conditions of soil, climate and season. Experience must determine the exceptions and good judgment guide the planter at every step.—*Rural Carolinian.*

A BIG RANCH.—"The Greatest Herdsman in the World," is the title claimed for Samuel W. Allen, of Texas, who owns 225,000 cattle. He has one ranch, 80 miles long and 40 wide, between the Nevada and Colorado rivers, the largest on the continent, which pastures 120,000. Two others accommodate respectively 70,000 and 35,000. These cattle all subsist on the native grasses of a part of Texas. His herds require the attention of at least 400 herders and branders the use of 3,000 horses. He brands 60,000 calves every year to keep up the supply. The value of his stock, exclusive of the land, exceeds five millions and a half. He is the chief meat purveyor for New Orleans and the neighboring counties of the gulf coast.

KILLING GRASS AND BUYING HAY.—It is a little singular that a people engaged actively for half the year in killing grass cannot grow grass for their stock. The mistake has been in trying experiments, in futile efforts to make foreign grasses whip out natives. If a little of the pains taken to grow cotton was used to make crab grass meadows or secure swamp grass, we could have an abundance of forage. Any piece of upland that will grow twelve or fifteen bushels of corn per acre ploughed up and barrowed in April, will yield more money value for the labor bestowed than in any other crop.—*Rural Carolinian.*

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Aug 6 2w 43 41

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Going North.

Arrive. Leave.

Augusta Ga. at.....6.30 a. m.

Graniteville at.....7.23 a. m.

Pine House at.....8.35 a. m.

Batesville at.....9.43 a. m.

Leesville at.....10.09 a. m.

Summit Point at.....10.50 a. m.

Lexington C. H. at.....11.10 a. m.

Arthur's at.....11.38 a. m.

W. C. & A. Junction.....11.58 a. m.

Columbia at.....11.58 a. m.

Charlotte N. C. at.....7.08 p. m.

NIGHT PASSENGER TRAIN.

Arrive. Leave.

Augusta Ga. at.....4.15 p. m.

Lexington C. H. at.....8.13 p. m.

Columbia S. C. at.....9.17 p. m.

Charlotte N. C. at.....5.15 a. m.

Going South.

Arrive. Leave.

Charlotte N. C. at.....7.00 a. m.

Columbia at.....2.18 a. m.

W. C. & A. Junction.....3.40 p. m.

Arthur's at.....3.33 p. m.

Lexington at.....3.87 p. m.

Summit Point.....4.33 p. m.

Leesville at.....4.48 p. m.

Batesville at.....4.57 p. m.

Pine House at.....5.17 p. m.

Graniteville at.....5.15 p. m.

Augusta Ga. at.....8.05 p. m.

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Lexington C. H. at.....3.40 a. m.

Augusta Ga. at.....4.48 a. m.

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